

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 62.—No. 19.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

Price: 4d. Unstamped.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (LIMITED).

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 10.—LA TRAVIATA, at 8.30. M^{me} Albani, Signor Cotogni, and Signor Marconi. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

MONDAY next, May 12.—FAUST E MARGHERIA (commence at 8.15). M^{me} Pauline Lucca, M^{lle} Tremelli; M. Devoyod, Signor De Reszke, and Signor Mierzwinski. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

TUESDAY, May 13.—LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR (commence at 8.30). M^{me} Rembrich, Signor Cotogni, and Signor Marconi. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

THURSDAY, May 15.—MERISIOFELE (commence at Eight o'clock). M^{me} Albani, M^{lle} Tremelli; Signor Novara, Signor I. Corsi, and Signor Marconi. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

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WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 14th, at Eight o'clock.

ARTISTS:

M^{me} ALBANI and M^{me} VALLERIA. M^{me} SCALCHI and M^{me} PATEY.

Mr SIMS REEVES and Mr EDWARD LLOYD.

Mr WALTER CLIFFORD and Mr SANTLEY.

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HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Conductor, Mr ALBERTO RANDEGGER.—LAST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY Morning Next, May 17th, at Three o'clock. Soloists—Miss Fueselle, Mr Edward Lloyd. Solo Violin—M^{me} Norman-Néruda. The Choir will sing new Songs, "Who is this that cometh from Edom?" (Sir H. Oakeley); new Part-Songs, "Daybreak" (A. E. Gaul), "The Twilight's holy hour" (J. C. Chippingdale); also the 23rd Psalm, for female voices (Schubert); 43rd Psalm, "Judge me, O God" (Mendelssohn); Part-Songs by Mendelssohn, Leslie, Pinuti, &c., &c. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of the usual Agents; or at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

STEINWAY HALL.—MISS EUGENIE KEMBLE'S EVENING CONCERT, MONDAY, May 20th. Artists: Misses Agnes Larkcom, Eugenie Kemble, Henden Warde, Mary McClean, Julie Pelletien, and Marian McKenzie; Messrs Redfern Hollins, John Probert, Villa, Bicknell Young, and M.M. Traherne and Cecil. Pianoforte—Miss Harriett Sasse. Harp—Miss Ida Audain. Violin—Herr Poznanski. Conductors—Messrs Alberto Randegger, W. Henry Thomas, Churchill Sibley, and Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., New Bond Street; Moutrie & Son, 55, Baker Street; and Miss Eugenie Kemble, 46, George Street, Portman Square.

M^{me} VALLERIA, having completed her engagement in America, has RETURNED to London for the season. All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorio Performances, &c., to be addressed to Mr VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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FAUST.—LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE of the Season.—M^{lle} BERTHE BALDI and Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN, To-Day (SATURDAY), May 10th, at Two.

LAST PERFORMANCE of the Season, THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 10th, at Eight, TROVATORE.—M^{me} MARIE ROZE and Mr JOSEPH MAAS.

TROVATORE, THIS EVENING (SATURDAY, May 10th, at Eight. Mr Joseph Maas, Mr Clarke, Mr Leslie Crotty, Mr Henry Pope; Miss Josephine Yorke, Miss Ella Collins, and M^{me} Marie Roze. Mr CARL ROSA will conduct this performance of Trovatore.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

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MR R. A. BRINTON will sing **P. von TUGGINER's** New Song, "DON'T TELL ME, LOVE," at Wimbledon, on Wednesday Evening next, May 14th."THE LADY OF THE LEA" and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"
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FUNERAL OF SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

On Tuesday afternoon the remains of Sir Michael Costa were laid to rest, with all fitting honour, in the catacombs of Kensal Green Cemetery. Mr George Attree, of Brighton, had charge of the arrangements for the ceremonial, and under his direction the body of the late distinguished musician was, on Monday, brought from the Sussex watering place to 59, Eccleston Square, Sir Michael's town residence. There, at noon on Tuesday, gathered not only the invited friends of the deceased, but a host of affecting tributes from men and women who had known the deceased gentleman in life, and appreciated the sterling worth of his character. It is sometimes said that the musical world is one of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," but no sign of such a state of things appeared in connection with the last honours paid to Sir Michael Costa. Every voice but that of regret was hushed, and it seemed as though the whole public was of one heart and one soul in rendering homage to a great memory. Evidence of this appeared, first of all, in the numerous wreaths of flowers which were sent by sympathising friends to the residence of the deceased. Among musical institutions, the Royal Academy offered a wreath of arum lilies inscribed, "A tribute of respect from the Directors, Professors, and Students of the Royal Academy of Music." The members of the late Sacred Harmonic Society forwarded a wreath, "in affectionate remembrance;" the Plymouth Vocal Association also sent a floral tribute, while the Orchestral Committee of the Birmingham Festival contributed a beautiful wreath of stephanotis, forget-me-nots, and maiden-hair, with the inscription, "In grateful memory of many years' invaluable service." Other offerings of a like character were sent by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, the Countess Brancalione, Lady Molesworth, Mrs Brydges Williams, Madame Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mrs Fowler, Miss Matilda Levy, Mr J. M. Levy, Mr and Madame Ganz, Madame Puzzi, Mrs Edward L. Goetz, Signor and Madame Bevigiani, Admiral and Mrs Heath, Mr and Mrs Dalston, Mr and Mrs Santley, M. and Madame Sainton, Signor and Madame Arditi, Mrs Ward Ashton, Rev. Dr Cox, and Mr Leathardt. Laden with these beautiful tokens of esteem, the coffin was placed upon an open car of black and silver, drawn by four horses, and followed by three mourning carriages, in the first of which were Signor Raphael Costa (brother of the deceased and chief mourner), Mr H. B. Heath, Mr W. H. Husk, and Mr C. A. Perugini; the second containing M. Prosper Sainton, Mr Dalston, Mr Hume Burnley, and the officiating clergyman, Rev. Dr Cox, vicar of St Helen's, Bishopsgate; in the third were the late Sir Michael's faithful servants. A large number of private carriages brought up the rear of the procession, among them being those of the Duke of Wellington and Lady Molesworth, others containing the hon. treasurer (Mr W. H. Cummings) and secretary (Mr Stanley Lucas) of the Royal Society of Musicians, besides representatives of various kindred associations in town and country.

Meanwhile a large crowd awaited the arrival of the *cortège* at the cemetery, which contains the ashes of so many men famous in the artistic chapter of "our island story." Perhaps no more remarkable gathering of its kind has ever done honour to departed worth, or showed greater unanimity of feeling. It was good, indeed, to see all ranks and orders of persons connected with music made one by a common sympathy. The scene crowned the career of Sir Michael Costa, and if he, in the state into which he has entered, formed one of the "great cloud of witnesses," there must have come to him the supreme satisfaction of highest honour. It is not useless to put upon record here the names of representative men and women who paid their last homage to the deceased. The Royal Italian Opera was represented by Mr Ernest Gye, Captain Gye, Signor Bevigiani, and Mr Pittman; the orchestra over which Sir Michael ruled so long sent M. Sainton, Messrs Weist Hill, Ralph, Lazarus, Maycock, Horton, Winterbottom, Barrett, and Betjemann; among the members of the late Sacred Harmonic Society were the president (Mr Hill), Messrs Durlacher, Sherrard, Donnison, Patrickson, Wilcox, M. Hanhart, N. Hanhart, Peck, and Mr and Mrs Smythson; the present Sacred Harmonic Society being represented by Mr C. Hallé, its conductor. The officials of the Royal Academy of Music comprised Mr Randegger, Mr Charles Sparrow, Mr B. Richards, and Mr J. Gill; and those of the Philharmonic Society, Mr Jewson, Mr C. E. Stephens, and Mr Stanley Lucas. Among the general company were Mr Santley, Mr and Mme Patey, Signor Foli, Miss Anna Williams, Mrs Jewson, Mr Lewis Thomas, Mr Joseph Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr W. G. Cousins, Dr Spark, Mr Carl Rosa, Mr Eayres, Mr Jekyll (organist of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal), Messrs Ganz, Henry Russell, F. Berger, J. P. Goldberg, Duvivier, Goring Thomas, W. D. Davison, F. Davison, Peyton (of Birmingham), R. Joffa, Henry Littleton, Klein, John Jay, Donald King, Coates, Chaplin Henry, and Lansdowne

Cottell, Signors Tosti, Tito Mattei, and Caravoglia. Hardly could a crowd of mourners and sympathisers such as this have assembled under circumstances less suggestive of the sorrow which knows no hope. The whole scene was one of life and brightness—a spring scene that said more plainly than words: "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come;" and when the funeral car, laden with lovely flowers, passed up the main street of the City of the Dead, no one felt that its light and beauty were out of harmony with the radiant sky, the balmy air, and the general aspect of reviving nature. Thenceforth till all was over, and the mortal part of Michael Costa lay in peace by the ashes of his father, that flower-decked coffin may be said to have dominated the scene with its sweet suggestiveness. No dismal pall touched it; it knew nothing of the horror with which Gothic taste has enveloped a process declared by one of our philosophers to be "as natural as birth, and perhaps less painful." Many present may have felt the surging up of lamentation; but surely those gentle flowers had a voice which, if still and small, was eloquent and penetrating, bearing witness not only to decay, but to resurrection—such witness as humanity the more greedily receives, because ultimate agnosticism has nothing better to offer than a dreary extinction.

The simple Protestant ceremony in the chapel was as perfect as anything of its kind could be. For long before the funeral train arrived a crowd occupied the unpretending edifice in solemn silence, looking, perhaps, at a picture of the Resurrection above the reader's desk. At length the doors were thrown open and, preceded by Dr Cox, the coffin was borne in, clothed in the whiteness of its flowers, to be placed on a black altar-like pedestal in the centre of the floor. The officiating clergyman, himself an old and intimate friend of the deceased musician, at once proceeded with the first part of the touching service of the English Church, and, at the close of the Lesson, many present might have expected that the remains would pass out once more into the sunlight. But this was not to be. As Dr Cox descended from the desk and took his place at the head of the coffin, the black pedestal, with its shining burden, began slowly, almost imperceptibly, to descend. Words of prayer fell from the clergyman's lips, but the gradual vanishing, first of the sombre support, and then of the mass of flowers, absorbed all attention. No pomp, no luxury of woe could have been more impressive, and it is hardly too much to say that there was not a dry eye in the place. Most pathetic of all, perhaps, was the bringing forth of other wreaths from different parts of the chapel, and the reverent laying of them on the coffin, as, with inexorable steadiness, it sank lower and lower. The attendant had at last to stoop in the discharge of his duty, and not till the highest bloom and verdure had passed out of sight did affection cease to pile up its precious tokens. Thus worthily and beautifully went the body of Sir Michael Costa from amongst the living. Some would have had music, but surely the art of the dead composer and conductor was more conspicuous by its absence—nay, not its absence, but its silence.—D. T.

* In Memoriam.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

A voice from out the wind was heard,
A voice unknown, unheard before,
It breathed sad news in every ear:
Sir Michael Costa is no more.

The soul that breathed, the heart that thrilled
With magic power the vocal throng,
Is stilled for aye—all silent now
The mighty Prince of cultured song.

Bring hither tear-dimmed laurel wreaths
To crown the Master's noble brow.
Great chief beloved! thy name, thy fame,
In brighter lustre still shall grow.

To him whose life was sweetness, in
Itself most sweet, new birth was given;
Though gone from earth, 'tis but to join
The full grand symphony of Heaven.

J. H. A. HICKS.

M. Danbé, conductor at the Paris Opéra-Comique, and M. Saint-Saëns have been elected members of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm.

Miss Lillie Albrecht played with marked success, at a concert given at Onslow Hall, South Kensington, on Thursday evening, May 1st, Schumann's "Schlummerlied," and a Gigue and Gavotte, two elegant compositions from her own pen.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

That the members of this institution, which opened its spring exhibition in Piccadilly on Monday the 28th of April, are to be seen now to greater advantage than they formerly were on the walls of their old gallery in Pall Mall, may be open to question. The rooms are bigger and finer, indeed there are few show places in London comparable to them; but the very vastness of space compels the directors to open the doors to the world at large; whereas the old quarters, filled by the drawings of members, had a certain unity and quality that at present cannot be found. Besides the rush from the outside has relieved the members from the responsibility of supplying works in sufficient numbers to form an exhibition, and this is scarcely good either for the future of the society or the art it represents. The President himself takes the lead in self-abnegation, for he sends but one specimen of his superb art; but it must be said that "Priscilla" (No. 613) justifies the high appreciation in which Mr James Linton is held by artists and the general public. Perfect in line and appropriate in colour, it nevertheless appeals more by the simplicity and intelligence of the Puritan maiden than by any technique manifested. The niggardly treatment of the President has been followed by Mr Walter Wilson, who sends only a portrait of Mr Linton, as he is seen at work in his studio. A single picture also represents Mr Abbey, but that is of considerable importance; for in "Bible Reading" (No. 1,018) power of composition, earnestness of character, and manipulative skill are conspicuously evident. Mr Guido Bach has forwarded "The Student" (No. 706), which alone has to satisfy the admirers of this gentleman's art of delineating the human face. On the other hand Mr Boughton has not even sent anything to the society of which he is an ornament; while Mr Randolph Caldecott escapes that charge by a solitary exhibit. Visitors will regret that Mr George Clausen has limited himself to one drawing, especially as "Hoeing Turnips" (No. 610) has such a refreshing look about it; and still greater concern will be experienced that Mr Thomas Collier's name is to be found but once in the catalogue. The absence of works like "The New Forest" (No. 627) cannot be compensated for, by the presence of a score of other works. Inheriting the traditions of the English school of water colourists, and treading in the footsteps of David Cox, this unrivalled landscape painter keeps alive the spirit, and perpetuates the fame of British draughtsmen. Another member, Mr Mark Fisher, has no number recorded against his name, while Mr A. C. Gow's highly trained powers are only to be seen in "A Recruit for the Spahis" (No. 829), and Mr James Hardy's capital delineation of "Dogs and Game" (No. 957) alone stands for his share of work. The graphic art of Mr Seymour Lucas is visible only in No. 435. Of all those who have been sparing of labour no member will be more readily exonerated than Mr Ludwig Passini, who, in "Passegio" (No. 927), has supplied one of the most interesting pictures. The colour, without the affectation of any special scheme, is superb; the grouping full of animation, and above all there is a fulness of light, with the presence of a refreshing atmosphere, that is agreeable and charming. By the way, is the drawing of the nether limbs of the man lolling on the balustrade quite accurate? Mr John Tenniel will readily find condemnation for the character of his single drawing, on account of the delight he gives the British nation every week in *Punch*. Mr J. W. Waterhouse, Mr Wetherbee, and Mr John White have single exhibits; while Mr J. Wolf, Mr Woodville, and Mr Hubert Herkomer have made themselves conspicuous by their absence.

Amongst the more liberal contributors must be classed that excellent delineator of nature, Mr H. G. Hine. By him we are led over the rolling downs of the South, and are called to see the glossy hue of their surfaces, as the sheep are seeking nourishing herbage. Still further on (in No. 1,021) are we taken, past the towering cliff, to a shelving rock, the last barrier of the resisting land, to witness the "war of wind and tide." An equally industrious member is Mr John Syer, who spreads before the visitor delightful sketches of haunts unknown to all but tourists and artists; nor has Mr Edward Hargitt been idle; besides, in "Bridge Park, Kent" (No. 196), he shows that his hand, instead of losing, is gaining still further command of artistic cunning. Mr Keeley Halswelle also bountifully supports the Institute. With a keen eye and firm grasp he holds every beauty in nature his fancy prompts him to copy. The calm water in No. 730, reflecting the stern lines of the Norman keep on its brink, is alive with mimicry of the tossed and clashing clouds above. In some of Mr Halswelle's work, however, the sky looks too agitated and tempestuous for the calmness of the scene below, and appears like wild, disordered locks overhanging a placid and smiling face. The painter's energy sometimes needs diffusion. There are but few pictures in the galleries which tell a story. Indeed, the dramatic faculty, always rare, seldom finds expression in water colours; but it is to be met with in Mr Walter Langley's

"Among the Missing" (No. 275), which stands out in the exhibition, even as Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" would in a volume of refined poems, and clings to the memory of the spectator, whilst the many surrounding elegant exercises of artists glide quickly away. The grief of the poor woman on hearing bad news of her helpmate, with only one consoling friend, amidst a crowd, each bent upon his own concerns, is very graphically told. There are, however, artists who have the faculty for investing everything with charm, and of such is Mr E. J. Gregory. In "A Look at the Model" (No. 688) and "A Morning Gallop" (No. 538) he has lavished perfect art on subjects of daily life—the former is a likeness of the artist; the latter represents a girl on a tricycle. In both are remarkable qualities, notably in the modelling of features, and in flesh tints. Someday, perhaps, the same unerring craft will be exercised upon works embodying lofty imagination.

No apparent difficulty has been experienced in procuring works in abundance, but there would be trouble in recording all that cover the walls. That quality has kept pace with quantity cannot be averred; nevertheless there are many works of sterling merit that demand notice. Mr Frank Dadd proves himself, in "Pigtails and Powder" (No. 570), a humourist as well as a good draughtsman. A row of eighteenth-century soldiers, astride the bench of a barrack-room, are engaged in plating, soaping, or greasing each other's pigtails, whilst, in the background, another is puffing powder on "tails" already prepared. A quaint idea is well carried out by Mr Dadd. Everywhere Mr J. H. S. Mann's cultivated art attracts attention, and the picture, "War's Alarms" (No. 784), which earnestly tells the anxieties of a mother, with infant nestling at her breast, whilst her husband is away on enterprise of peril, will assuredly secure the visitor's sympathy and admiration. Two pleasant landscapes by Mr John Steeple are conspicuous by their merits; while Mr James Waite in "The Fisherman's Look-out" (No. 572), brings Cornish coast scenery and characteristics forcibly to mind; and Mr Carlton Smith demonstrates, in "Taking it easy" (No. 317), a fine sense of colour as well as good drawing. Mr Thomas Pyne's charming talents shine in "A Sluiceway" (No. 223); and Mr Cave Thomas, suffering as his picture does from "skying," reveals a classic taste in "Dante in Florence" (No. 1022). No exhibition would be complete without an interior by Mr Haynes King, for has he not taken possession of that province of art which illustrates the cottager's life? He never fails to enforce the trials, pleasures, and habits of dwellers in humble places, and a simple incident of everyday life is made the occasion, in "Faisant la Galette" (No. 456), for showing his knowledge and skill.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

MY VOICE—BY MR SIMS REEVES.

(Concluded from page 257.)

The Secret of his Success.

"You ask me how I have been able to put such pathos and feeling into a song and make a great success of it, when other singers would fail altogether. It is because I have always studied my words. I have read them, and phrased them in every possible way, asked myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my own feeling. I walk up and down, trying this line and trying that, until I feel that I have struck the right idea. But I am never satisfied. Nowadays singers do not study elocution sufficiently, if at all. In a recitative, for instance, the words are sacrificed to the music. In my method they are of equal importance." "Ah! yes, I love the applause, but an artist lives for it. It inspires him. It lifts him to the seventh heaven. Give me an enthusiastic, a receptive audience, and my heart and my voice goes out to them. It is the same with all my brethren, men and women. Often the great sea of faces has affected me—words cannot describe emotions—I have put forth my greatest efforts. To an artist applause is life. Without it he is timid, frigid, nerveless—not himself. The public has always been good to me." "I assure you I am as nervous, as fearful, now as ever. I worry and fidget lest my voice should not be at its best when the evening comes. I go to the piano over and over again, and run over a few notes, and—you may be surprised—I always rehearse the songs that I propose to sing—yes, even 'Tom Bowling' or 'The Death of Nelson,' not, of course, at concert pitch, but singing them over, trying a phrase, or a run, but always endeavouring to get a fresh effect."

An Anecdote of Jenny Lind.

As an illustration of the constant anxiety of artists concerning their powers, Mrs Reeves tells how one famous *prima donna* refused to sit down at all on a day when she was to sing. "No, she would walk about the room, talking perhaps, singing perhaps, sometimes even busy with her needle and thread, but never sitting down the livelong day until the performance was over." "Why, I remember well enough how one day on the morning of a performance Jenny

Lind (Mdm Goldschmidt), Mr Reeves, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, and myself were in the room, and through the morning Jenny Lind and my husband were never still, pacing one past the other, with music in hand, singing and practising, and intent on the work before them, 'Why, Jenny,' said Mr Goldschmidt, 'you must have sung those songs many times; surely there is no need for all this.' But the remonstrance was in vain. 'You are a fine musician,' said Mdm Goldschmidt, in her quiet, decisive manner to her husband, 'but Mr Reeves and I are singers and we know what is best for us. Leave us alone.' Suppose you had called to see Jenny Lind on a day when she was singing. She would probably come into the room with a bundle of music in her hand, put it on a chair, and sit down on it; talk away pleasantly enough for a few minutes, become abstracted, rise, take up the music, turn to a passage in one of the pieces, and hum it over. Having satisfied herself of her correctness, she would replace it, and sit down again as calmly as possible and resume the conversation at the point it was left off.

Mr Sims Reeves on "Encores."

"Why, even when going down to the concert-room I am often overcome by nervousness, and—wish the cab would upset and be done with it. No. My heart doesn't jump to my throat or beat at an abnormal rate, but a tremor besets my limbs, and—I tell you it is sheer anxiety to be at my best. During the concert I avoid everybody, take a quiet corner, and commune with myself, taking, perhaps, a glycerine lozenge, and very often holding up a handkerchief to my mouth. You ask me about encores. Now, let me tell you, I am glad to sing an encore if it is a new work or a new song. Or suppose I feel that I have not done justice perhaps to myself, perhaps to the piece—that is, justice as I interpret it—then I like to repeat my song. Or sometimes, if the audience has been more than usually appreciative and responsive, it is an intense pleasure to me to gratify them by giving them another song. But to put it in a matter-of-fact way, and to adopt metaphor. I keep a shop—you ask me for twenty-five yards of silk, and pay me for fifteen. No; I am paid to sing three or four songs, and I decline to sing six or seven. There is a class of concert-goers—a grasping, greedy class—who come to hear me, and say to themselves, 'We have paid our money, let us get as much for it as we can.' This is the class I have always held in contempt. And it is that I have often felt their presence that has impelled me to take a firm course. Yes, it is the custom nowadays to sing encores; and it is notorious that artists come down with encore songs in their portfolios. They say, 'We cannot afford to decline an encore.' Very well; let them go their way, I go mine. Over and over again I have been compelled to sing an encore when the house has refused to hear any one else; and the sound of the hisses, the groans, and the catcalls have come down to me in our private room. "The present age," said Mr Reeves, changing the subject, "is witnessing a decadence in music. Artists are too eager to pose before the public long before they have attained real proficiency. They do not study long enough. The professional singer, again, is encouraged and petted and spoiled by aristocratic patrons, and the world is overrun by that pest, the amateur." "Why, ladies come to me," said Mrs Reeves, who was once a well-known artist herself, and now devotes a portion of her time to the instruction of others, "and say: 'I have a daughter who sings well. I want her to appear in public. How long do you think it would take to train her—nine months?' 'Nine years, madam. Even a bootmaker takes seven.'"

I would fain have asked the great tenor to have sung me a stave ere I bade him good-bye, but desisted. "Well, I propose to make a tour of America," said he as we parted, "travelling through California, and going by way of San Francisco to Australia. I think that such an expedition would be successful; at least, I hope so. I have never been to America yet, and I feel that such a tour would be a triumphant end to my already lengthy artistic career. I am anticipating such a tour with much pleasure." This will be good news for Americans and Australians alike. It is well that that wonderful voice, which has drawn tears from multitudes and given delightful emotions to thousands, should be heard across the seas.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MADAME MINNIE HAUKE, who is announced in the American papers to sing in *Samson* and Max Bruch's *Schön Ellen*, at the St Louis May festival, was recently the recipient of a rare distinction, the Emperor of Germany having sent her, through the Lieutenant-General Baron Hülsen, his large photographic portrait, with his own signature, "Wilhelm Imp. Rex." Mdm Minnie Hauke shares this honour, to our knowledge, only with Mdm Adelina Patti.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

There was novelty at the concert of Monday evening—novelty in two diverse parts, for which M. Jules de Swert and Herr Johannes Brahms were respectively accountable. We have often inveighed against the craze for new things as such. Constantly crying out after strange works may, it is true, bring a cheap sort of reputation to him who makes his voice conspicuous, but on higher grounds the proceeding is more than a little stupid. The ancient Athenians were always gadding about in search of novel ideas, and yet had to build altars to the "Unknown God" whom they ignorantly worshipped, though in Him they lived and moved and had their being. The result of such a procedure is only happy by the rarest chance. A man may light on nothing but pearls, but it is far more probable that he will pick up pebbles. Amateurs should be discreet in this matter, and not encourage the accumulation of musical rubbish for the scavenger of the future to cart away. We are not about to say that either of the new works produced last night was rubbish. Let us put it that they differed in value as in character, and in importance as in purpose. That of M. de Swert was a concerto in C minor and major, and yet no concerto at all. Upon the negative it is absolutely requisite to insist, if our musical nomenclature be worth preserving in its integrity, as, for the sake of clearness and convenience, it undoubtedly is. A concerto is a work in three movements, for one or more solo instruments and orchestra. As such it is understood all the world over, though many variations are allowed on points of detail. It cannot, therefore, be a piece for violoncello and orchestra in one movement. Why will not every composer distinguish between things that differ, as Liszt did when he styled certain of his orchestral works "symphonic poems" rather than symphonies, and as Wagner did when he termed his pieces for the lyric stage "music-dramas," not operas? It may seem a small matter in M. Jules de Swert's case, but that cannot be small which tends to confuse names. As for the so-called concerto, it probably has two distinct values—one apparent to an executant, the other to a hearer. M. de Swert, no doubt, esteems it highly, not without reason, since it serves to display his great powers as a virtuoso. Few of us may be enchanted with the Belgian violoncellist's nasal tone, but his skill is unquestionable from the hearer's standpoint. The concerto (so-called) is of less obvious utility. It has no recognized form; its art, instead of being hidden, lies like a thick crust over the surface; and, save where experiments in orchestration or bravura passages excite a transient interest, it commits the unpardonable sin of being dull. The novelty by Brahms was that esteemed master's setting of the "Gesang der Parzen" ("Song of the Fates") in Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. How often—among the conspicuous examples of German—sometimes of English—earnestness, we meet with a total want of the sense of humour! The *Song of the Fates* is introduced in Goethe's drama by the heroine, who calls it a "horrible song" sung "horribly" by the weird sisters, and communicated to her by an "ancient nurse," who must have satisfied the traditions of its performance, because Iphigenia declares that she had "forgotten it willingly." None of these conditions were met last night, though the chorus seemed once or twice on the point of sacrificing the composer to a stern sense of dramatic propriety. Brahms' music is certainly not "horrible." On the contrary, it exemplifies the composer in his fullest strength as a master of sombre colouring and striking effects of rhythm and harmony. Of melody, strictly speaking, the piece contains none, and it would be easy to arraign it on a charge of lacking the contrast and repose that every work of art should have. But the genius of Brahms and the elaboration of his music demand that a check be put upon impulse towards off-hand censure. The *Song of the Fates* must be heard again, and, perhaps, yet again, before reasoning criticism delivers a positive opinion upon its exact merits. With the two novelties were presented the prelude to the first act of *Die Meistersinger*, magnificently played; Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony, the "reading" of which was far more praiseworthy than its technical execution, and Mackenzie's ballade for orchestra founded on Keats's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. This true "symphonic poem" continues to improve upon acquaintance. It is masterly all round, and the audience were more than justified in calling the composer to the platform amid loud and unanimous applause.—*D. T.*

Mr Charles Duval has engaged Miss Letty Lind, a bright little vocalist, to assist him in his representations at St James's Hall. Miss Lind sings character and eccentric songs with grace and animation, and is a pleasing addition to an already attractive entertainment.

Mr Mackenzie's *Colomba* (we are told) made such a favourable impression at the gala performance in connection with the marriage of the Princess Victoria, that it was to be given a second time on Sunday. (How about Hamburg?—*Dr Blinge*.)

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last concert but one of the present season took place in St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 3. A large public regret the approaching close of these well-managed entertainments, but do not neglect to "make hay while the sun shines." Every part of the hall was crowded on the occasion of which we speak, and the utmost satisfaction was shown with the fare provided, as well as with the manner of its serving. By all means so let it be. Every music-lover cannot rise to the height of classic art, and the vast majority, if carried up there, would feel uncomfortable, and devoutly wish themselves down below again. The classicist need not pity them. Let him help to give them the best of the kind they love—as Mr John Boosey does, by the way—and they will feel very happy. Let him reflect, also, that taste, about which so much is said nowadays, does not reject a good ballad. "Taste," said Carlyle, "if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen." There were many good songs in Saturday's programme. Take, for example, Taubert's "My darling is so fair," which Miss Mary Davies sings so well; Sullivan's pathetic "Distant Shore," to which the refined art of Mr Lloyd renders such ample justice; and the no less touching "Snowstorm" of Mr F. H. Cowen, entrusted on this occasion to Mme Sterling. We might speak also of Stephen Adams's "Pilgrim," sung and repeated by Mr Lloyd; of Hatton's "Fair is my love," perfectly rendered by Mr Santley; of Sullivan's "Chorister" (Mme Sterling); and of Arne's "When daisies pied" (Mlle de Fonblanque). All these are good things which any man of taste might hear and applaud without fear of being accounted a "Philistine" by reasonable people. The vocal pieces were relieved, as usual, by some excellent instrumental performances, in which Mme Essipoff, Miss Clara Ascher, and Mme Néruda fairly contested the highest favour of the audience with their vocal colleagues. Mme Valleria was to have sung at this concert for the first time since her return from America, but serious indisposition, we regret to learn, kept her away.

The last morning concert of the present season is announced to be given at St. James's Hall on Saturday, May 24.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

This year's exhibition of pictures at the Salon contains one masterpiece, a picture of an order more than high enough to "make epoch." It is by Puvis de Chavannes, and is called *Le bois sacré, cher aux arts et aux muses*, which, being interpreted, signifies *The sacred forest, dear to the arts and the muses*. On a canvas some fourteen feet high by over thirty in width, you behold groups of life-size figures, draped and nude. The time is pale-golden-skied evening; the place, a wood, hard by a lake, in whose placid waters the crescent of the unseen moon is reflected. Firs, olives, and other trees, and a background of blue mountain range almost shut out the sky. Here, about a sort of open glade, are fifteen figures, mostly women, representing the arts and the muses. The central group consists of women, some seated and some standing, near a pine and an antique arch with six columns. To the extreme left a woman is seated on the slanting trunk of a large olive tree. Another is seen from behind, lying down and leaning on her arm by the lake's margin. In the foreground, where laurel bushes grow, another is writing poetry on a tablet. On the right-hand a youth is plucking laurel branches for his companion to wind into wreaths, while a child, near these two, lays flowers at the feet and in the lap of her that is the centre of the central group, towards which float two figures in the air, one playing a lyre. The equilibrium of this composition is perfect, full of striking yet natural and simple design. Each group, each figure alone, in the picture, is in itself a picture. One reposeful, because completely harmonious, chord of colour prevails. The effect produced is that of sublime calm. I must once more take occasion to hail in Puvis de Chavannes the greatest artist since Michelangelo.

All pictures beside this masterpiece give you the impression of having been painted with various dirt, for it is Puvis de Chavannes alone who has discovered for us what means real harmony in colour. It is he, too, that has revived the lofty earnestness of purpose and the faithful conscientiousness which fill, notwithstanding their technical shortcomings, the works of the early Italian and Flemish masters with undying glory. For Puvis de Chavannes' work, like theirs, has a soul as well as a body. An ascetic severity pervades the picture. There is little detail in the drawing. You only see large, harmonious outlines, as befits work that is, so to speak, of such a decorative character. In like wise, the colouring is subdued. You have large masses of tranquil tone—dark greys and greens, against which, occasional brighter hues, those of the purple, red, or yellow flowers, for instance, contrast with exquisite charm. About the noble simplicity of the attitudes, the grandeur and grace of the drapery, the masterly designing of the nude body, and about many other beautiful things to be observed with admiration, it hardly behoves me here to speak. All I need do is to mark duly my sense of the occasion, and add my voice in praise of this last great work of one who is truly a great master. After this example of what may be called the grandest blank verse of Art, the pictures which, like indifferent prose, are the ordinary run of the day, shrink into insignificance. Nevertheless, the Salon affords one or two examples of an art which, though far from that I have been speaking of, must still have its need of praise. Whistler exhibits two of his best and most picturesque portraits, one of Carlyle and one of a very young lady with a big grey hat in her hand. These are well enough known to such of your readers as interest themselves in matters of art, to dispense with my criticism. Next to them in order of merit is a portrait by that rising American artist, John Sargent, a pupil who has now quite put in the shade his once admired teacher, Carolus Durand. It is the portrait of a Parisian "professional beauty," depicted with that easy, dashing style, and quasi-Spanish manner of colouring, which are so characteristic of Sargent. The attitude of the sitter or, rather, the stander, is original and good, but the modelling, worthy of all praise so far as the arms, bosom, and neck are concerned, becomes nothing at the face, evidently because in the life it was too much covered with "poudre de riz" to offer the painter aught but a bare "silhouette." Of our young countryman, Stott, two pictures may be seen again which have been already exhibited elsewhere. The portrait of a man clad in a jersey, with a pipe in his hand, seated in an arm-chair, seems to have been inspired by Whistler. It is a fine piece of work, but his picture of children on the sea-shore does him more credit. It is admirable, and, while thoroughly English in spirit, reveals a leaning towards the simple treatment of the Chavannes school. Fantin-Latour's portrait of a lady seated before an easel should not be passed without notice. *Appropos*, Mlle Louise Breslau, a young Swiss artist who has already, by her intensity of artistic grasp, mastery of technique, and power of good colouring, far out-distanced all other known woman-wielders of the brush and palette, Rosa Bonheur included, is represented by a couple of portraits. They are not among her very foremost achievements, yet bear evidence of a steady progress which will not end before she has made a famous name in the world of art.

To cut matters short, I am glad to say that the Academicians—the men of the Cabanel, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, and Gérôme type—are nowhere. Their pictures may be found in the catalogue, but on the walls of the exhibition they are unseen, swamped by the prevailing mass of mediocrity. Bonnat does not exhibit.

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A VERY intimate friend of Richard Wagner's, who, like the composer, resided in the Palazzo Vendramin, says, in a letter to the *Berliner Monatsblatt*, that, on the 12th February, Wagner was in high, nay, boisterous spirits; at dinner he sang, and was exceedingly humorous. During the meal, his friend complained of being unwell, and Wagner insisted that he should at once go and lie down. He accompanied him to his room, and, standing at the open doorway, sang, with a profusion of the most comical obeisances imaginable, the air: "Wünsche Ihnen wohl zu ruhen." ("Presto, presto, andate a letto") from *Il Barbiere*. At the same hour next day, the friend was well again, and Wagner—dead.

RICHARD WAGNER'S NIECE.*

Mrs Dorothea von Berckefeldt, daughter of the youngest sister of Richard Wagner, the composer, and my cousin, said Dr Alexander Kaltenheil to a *Telegram* reporter to-day, is with her husband and four children still at No. 884 East 151st Street, between North Third avenue and Robbins avenue. They have been there since last October, when I found them in a wretched tenement in Forsyth Street sick and destitute. They arrived in this country March 17, 1883, and journeyed to Texas and then back to New York, spending all their money in car fares and hotel bills. Then Mrs Berckefeldt and her children became sick with diphtheria and scarlet fever, from which they have however entirely recovered. Her husband, who is a retired captain of the German army, is a cripple, and could not procure work. He is in receipt of a pension of 31 dols. from the government. Mrs von Berckefeldt's mother died sometime ago. When their condition became known a number of musical people started a subscription list and gave the amount raised to Mrs Berckefeldt. Her husband's brother is Carl von Berckefeldt, the Burgomeister of Springer, in Hanover.

Mrs von Berckefeldt's three elder sisters were in the order of their seniority, with their names after marriage, Louisa Brockhaus, Clara Wolfram and Cecilia Avenarius. Of Wagner's three brothers the youngest was Herman Wagner, who died in 1875; the second was Julius, who died in Switzerland, and the oldest was Albert, father of the famous opera singer Johanna Wagner, now living at Trutenau, near Königsberg, on the Elbe. She is over fifty-five years old, and for the last twelve years has been in receipt of an annual pension from the Prussian Government. When Wagner's first wife, the singer whom he married in Dresden, died, he married the divorced wife of Hans von Bulow, a daughter of Franz Liszt, whose mother, Cosima, was the distinguished author known as Stern. One of Cosima's, sisters married M. Ollivier, Napoleon III's Prime Minister; another married Prince Lichtenstein, of Thuringia.

Mrs Berckefeldt, *née* Ottilla Brockhaus, said to a *Telegram* reporter:—"The Messrs Steinway were kind enough to endeavour to arrange a concert for my benefit last fall, offering the use of their hall free and promising to pay all other expenses. Owing to the large number of concerts given at that time for other charitable purposes their efforts failed. They then opened a private subscription list for me. About 200 dols. was collected and handed to me in small instalments. In January last two of my children were taken sick with scarlet fever and diphtheria and when they recovered I was taken sick myself with diphtheria. Although my husband has excellent recommendations he has been unable to find employment. He does not understand English well. He is a cripple and cannot do much. I have seen notices in the papers of the arrival here of some of the most noted German singers who are to sing several of my uncle's grand operas under the direction of Mr Theodore Thomas. I think that if the attention of the public was called to my circumstances I could obtain sufficient money to support myself and my family. I heartily desire to leave this city and purchase a German weekly newspaper in some other part of the country, so that I can earn my living. I have already taken some steps in that direction but could not get money enough to carry out my purposes."

Among those who took great interest in the efforts made to aid Herr Wagner's niece, were C. F. Trethar, Theodore Koven, G. Schirmer, Theodore Thomas, Sohmer & Co., Schubert & Co., A. Brautigam, Dr Damrosch, H. Hazelton, R. M. Walters, Julius Zeller, Behr Brothers, J. Gordon, A. Pond, David Mayer, G. O. Yuengling, G. Ringler and Co., H. Herman, Earnest Gabler, Mdme Marie Geisinger, and the Richard Wagner Männerchor.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

STOCKHOLM.—The Theatre Royal is in a state of bankruptcy and the company broken up.—Anton Rubinstein gave four concerts here and one in Upsala. In the last-named town, the students proceeded after the concert to his hotel, and sang a number of folk's-songs. On the 17th April, Rubinstein left for Copenhagen, where, previously to starting for Christiana, he intended giving three concerts. He was to give the same number in the Norwegian capital, and two in Gothenburg.

DARMSTADT.—A commemorative Flotow Festival has been held here. On the 26th April, the members of the Instrumental Association presented Mdme Flotow with a memorial tablet, which was let into the wall near the entrance gate of the Flotow Villa. The monument erected by the Widow over the composer's grave in the cemetery was then solemnly unveiled in the presence of several thousand persons. The bands first played the "Ave Maria," from

* *New York Evening Telegram*, April 9th, 1884.

Stradella. Herr Münzer, a theatrical manager, next delivered an address, in which he praised Flotow as a true German and German composer, whose works belonged to the German people. At the conclusion of his address the speaker laid a wreath, in the name of the Grand Duke, at the foot of the monument. Wreaths, also, had been sent from the Court Theatres in Berlin, Hanover, Cassel, Wiesbaden, Munich, Dresden, Weimar, Schwerin, Brunswick, and Mannheim, as well as from the Town Theatres of Frankfurt and Leipzig. All bore suitable inscriptions. The Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, sent a gigantic laurel wreath, with black and yellow bows, on which was inscribed—"Alessandro Stradella, 9th Sept., 1845; Martha, 25th Nov., 1847." After a chorale sung by the Gesangverein, Herr Weber, a *Geheimrath* (Grand-Ducal Privy Councillor) made a speech, in which he eulogised Flotow's intellectual qualities. The wreaths were then laid on the grave by the representatives of the various instrumental and vocal associations, and the proceedings terminated with the choral song "Stumm schläft der Sänger." Flotow's Widow, Daughter, and Stepson were present at the ceremony. The Monument, erected at the expense of the Widow, was designed and carried out by the sculptor, Professor König, of this place. The bronze bust, cast in Berlin, is pronounced a speaking likeness. Before it is an allegorical figure of Veneration offering a crown of laurel. This figure is in Tyrolean marble. The railing surrounding the Monument bears the deceased composer's family coat of arms. In the evening, there was a performance of *Alessandro Stradella* at the Grand-Ducal Theatre. At the rising of the curtain, Flotow's bust, crowned with laurel, was discovered in the middle of the stage, with the members of the operatic company ranged around it. Herr Hofmüller laid a wreath before it, and the curtain then fell.

LEIPZIG.—The widow of the late Dr Radius has, in her husband's name, presented the Committee of the Royal Conservatory of Music with 10,000 marks towards erecting a new building for the institution in question.

MAYENCE.—The Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine takes place here on the 6th, 7th, and 8th July. The works performed on the first day will be Beethoven's Overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses," and Handel's *Messiah*; on the second day, Wagner's "*Faust Overture*"; Schubert's setting for women's voices of the 23rd Psalm; a dramatic scene, *Coriolan*, by Lux; Symphony in B flat major, by Schumann; and the "*Triumphlied*," by Johannes Brahms.

BERLIN.—At the end of the present season, Mdles Driese, Pollack, and Herr Müller will cease to belong to the company at the Royal Operahouse. Mdle Driese is going to be married and retire from the stage; Mdle Pollack joins the Stadttheater, Hamburg; and Herr Müller is engaged for three years at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.—An interesting novelty was performed at the last Subscription Concert of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, under the direction of Professor Joachim. This was a short oratorio, *Der Stern von Bethlehem*, by Friedrich Kiel, Op. 83. It was greatly applauded, and is pronounced a work of a very high order of merit. There can hardly be a doubt of its becoming extremely popular.

BRUSSELS.—The Théâtre de la Monnaie closed with the thirty-seventh performance of M. Ernest Reyer's *Sigurd*, conducted by the composer himself. The season began on the 2nd September, 1883, and terminated on the 1st inst. It lasted, therefore, eight months. There were four novelties: a grand opera, *Sigurd*; a five-act comic opera, *Manon* (first produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique), by M. Massenet; a one-act comic opera, *Le Panache blanc*, by M. Ph. Flon; and a ballet, *Le Poète et l'Etoile*, by M. Steveniers.

STATISTICAL FROM PARIS.

The following are the sums taken by our three grand societies of Symphonic Concerts during the winter season just concluded. At the Cirque d'Hiver, 25 Concerts Populaires (M. Pasdeloup) realized a total of 93,080fr. 25c., or an average of 3,723fr. 21c. The 22 performances of the Société des Nouveaux-Concerts du Château-d'Eau (M. Lamoureux) brought in 96,813fr. 35c., or an average of 4,400fr. 65c. Lastly, the 24 concerts and public rehearsal of the Association Artistique du Châtelet (M. Colonne) produced 222,384fr. 66c., or an average of 8,895fr. 38c. There is an interesting fact connected with the Château-d'Eau Concerts: the four concerts dedicated exclusively in the month of February to the *Damnation de Faust* of Hector Berlioz produced a total of 25,415fr. 45c., while the four concerts in the month of March, when M. Lamoureux gave the first act of Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, brought in only 18,888fr. 45c. Hence it follows that Wagner's influence on the public compared to that of Hector Berlioz is pretty nearly in the ratio of 7 to 10.—*Le Ménestrel*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. F. (Vienna).—Certainly, with pleasure. Too late for this number.

M. H. (Cincinnati, U.S.).—Received with pleasure. Next week. LOST MELODY.—Wagner himself is dreary enough, but his theory, with incompetent exposition, bursts into spray. How can there be "infinite melos" where there is no melody at all?

DEATH.

On May the 7th, at Weston-super-Mare, HARRIOT AMELIA, widow of the late GEORGE TOWNSHEND SMITH, organist of Hereford Cathedral, in her 66th year.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

Michael Costa.

BORN NAPLES, FEBRUARY 4, 1810.

DIED BRIGHTON, APRIL 29, 1884.

*Drape it in mourning, the Conductor's seat,
Where over Music-land he ruled so long.
Sound woke to triumph at his magic beat,
And softest prelude sweetened into song!
Enthroned he sat, in the grand days of old,
Beloved and trusted by the men he led.
What memories that life-time could unfold!
Art's children, who no more Life's stage shall tread!
Great Costa's dead!*

*Throw no more garlands on the empty stage,
Hang them with love around his vacant chair;
Of mighty Opera he closed the page,
Then went to lead sweet voices in the air!
Changed is the scene! Musicians of the past
Will rise to greet his coming; and the sigh
Of half-forgotten melody will cast
Shadows of love! Friends left can only cry
Costa! good-bye!*

Punch.

VIENNA.*

On the 25th March, Italian operatic singers performed for the first time in Vienna *Tell*, the masterpiece of their celebrated countryman, Rossini. During the long series of Italian *stagioni* with which we have been blessed time out of mind, we have heard on only one single occasion—the first act of this opera. An astounding and yet not inexplicable fact. In *Tell*, Rossini has given exceptional expansion and importance to the choruses, and treated the orchestra quite as exactly as brilliantly. But the chorus and orchestra are the weakest departments in Italian lyric theatres; even at the present day they are but scurvily cared for there, and, twenty or thirty years ago, were hardly cared for at all. Thus it came to pass that, till within a short period, Rossini's *Tell* was absent from the Italian repertory, and Italian singers could not bring with them to Germany that with which they were unacquainted at home. It was not till native productivity began to dry up in Italy, and it was absolutely indispensable to have recourse to the most famous French operas, that some of the largest Italian theatres ventured, after giving *Les Huguenots*, *Robert*, and *Faust*, to give *Guillaume Tell* as well. But even now it is not popular there, and is more sung in Italian in London and Paris than in Italy. Nay, it was a long time before even Paris, which proudly calls itself the native city of this "*chef-d'œuvre de l'école Française*," could really get accustomed to it. Though, like *La Muette di Portici*, one of the most brilliant works that ever opened up a new path at the Grand Opera, *Guillaume Tell* was, for many decades, subjected to the most incredible

* From the *Nouvelles Presse*.

mutilation. Since the first memorable performance (on the 3rd August, 1829), the *second act alone* has been performed in Paris sixty-three times, while the first *three acts* have been given two hundred and fourteen times; it was not till later that, ashamed of such barbarism, practised under Rossini's very nose, they played all four acts—which have, up to the present, been given something more than three hundred nights. We know the amusing anecdote of the Parisian operatic manager calling out to Rossini in the street, and conveying to him the joyful news that the second act of his magnificent *Guillaume Tell* was to be given that evening. "Is it possible?" replied Rossini. "What, really the *whole* of the second act?" The answer was delicious, but the most noteworthy part of the business is that even the second act was not played in its entirety. With his *Tell*, Rossini was to set the evil example of producing French grand operas of fatiguing length. These musical monsters à la Meyerbeer and à la Halévy were previously unknown; Paris gave them birth; in Germany such works did not exist before the time of Richard Wagner; still less were they to be found in Italy. But the determining reason for the cruel treatment of Rossini's *Tell* did not lie in its exceptional length, for this was something to which the Parisians became only too soon accustomed. They could not get over the libretto—always the most important consideration with the French; certain hard, harsh lines were turned into ridicule, and punning parodies of them passed from lip to lip. But to condemn this libretto without more ado is a piece of gross injustice. The action certainly comes to a standstill in the third act, and gropes about helplessly for a fitting conclusion in the fourth. With the shooting of the apple the interest felt by the spectator is, dramatically speaking, exhausted, and as, moreover, the last two acts do not maintain themselves musically at the same brilliant height as the first two, the house everywhere is generally deserted. No doubt a clever librettist, a Eugène Scribe, for instance, would have turned Schiller's work to far better account than did M. Jouy, Rossini's librettist. But the wonderful idea underlying Schiller's drama cannot possibly be, and is not, destroyed in Rossini's opera. It is not without good cause that the latter touches the heart of the people who, instead of the usual love story, here listen to the full clear tones of the most tender and strongest natural emotions, to the noblest feelings of humanity: filial love, conjugal tenderness, manly friendship, patriotism, and the impulse towards freedom. All this the French felt long before Rossini, though they wanted the talent capable of fashioning it out of the *Tell* legend. Old Grétry wrote an opera called *Tell* (1791), and boasted of his efforts "to strengthen musical colouring for the expression of revolutionary energy." The critics of those days were unanimous in praising the depth and power of dramatic style in his abortive opera. Times change, and in nothing more quickly than in operatic taste. Who would now-a-days subscribe to this praise or even consider Grétry's *Tell* endurable after Rossini's? But Rossini had, also, his opponents, and we meet, not unexpectedly, Richard Wagner at their head. Much more unexpected for us was the praise bestowed by his lips on *La Muette de Portici*, which, in his interesting *Reminiscences of Auber*, he praises in order proportionally to depreciate *Tell*, unquestionably a more valuable work. He praises the book of *La Muette*, and says: "Scribe never wrote anything like it either previously or afterwards. How forced and deficient in freedom, on the other hand, were his librettos for Meyerbeer; how flat and ineffective did even his next one, that of *Tell* for Rossini, prove!" But Scribe is perfectly innocent of the *Tell* libretto with which Wagner reproaches him, for, as we are all aware, Jouy wrote it. In another passage Richard Wagner characterises Rossini's *Tell*, with reference to its success in Germany as "the phase of the descent of the German stage to what is abject!" Ah, a few such specimens of what is abject would at present be very acceptable to the lyric stage in Germany. Unfortunately, the great talent is not there to write them.

After having greeted as a pleasing novelty the selection of *Tell* by the Italians for their opening night, let us turn to the performance. The tumultuous applause which rang through the house after the overture augured well, not so much for the performance itself as for the feeling of the audience. We are accustomed here to quick tempi, and in the *Tell* overture even to too quick tempi; but anything like the senseless break-neck pace at which the Italian conductor, Bimboni, took the third part (*Storm*) and the

finale never before came within our ken. That the members of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse were able to follow so mad a conducting-stick says a great deal for their virtuosity, but nothing for the musical taste of Sig. Bimboni. Among the singers, the tenor, Mierzewski, shone resplendent above all the rest. In my long experience, which, by the way, comprises the most celebrated singers of the last thirty years, I never met with a tenor voice of such power and compass. Patierno and Tamberlik may, perhaps, in their best days, have approached the Polish artist, and so, among German tenors, may, to a certain degree, Wachtel, whose voice possesses greater brilliancy though less volume. Mierzewski's lower notes, which are exceedingly strong and decided, have an unmistakable baritone character; but he by no means belongs to the ever-increasing class of "worked-up baritones;" the higher he goes, the easier is he; without effort and with full chest-voice he gives the high C and C sharp, not merely once, but, at pleasure, five or six times in succession. These strong and exceptional high notes have not been laboriously wrung from his voice; they are an uncommon natural gift which he uses pleasingly and without effort, and which, therefore, do not produce the painful impression of screeching.

Mierzewski has to exert far greater restraint to modify his colossal voice than to raise it to the *fortissimo*. The art, moreover, of subduing his voice, as far as the voice itself will permit, he has acquired by ceaseless application. In the duet with Mathilde, he showed he possessed a well-trained *voix mixte*, and took the high C gently and euphoniously. We have never heard from him any falsetto notes, properly so called. With so robust a body of voice, it is astonishing what ease of execution he has attained; the part of Arnold does not afford much opportunity for displaying this, but on other occasions I have heard Mierzewski sing the most rapid scales, ascending and descending, with shakes on the high A and B, and never did I hear them sung more evenly and strongly, or with longer sustained breath. To such a pitch has Mierzewski attained by iron force of will and ten years' ceaseless study, after having been regretfully assured in Paris that he had no voice. This seems to have been another instance of a singing-master's making a mistake. Such a tenor voice as Mierzewski's produces, as a matter of course, by its exceptional strength and high notes, a bewildering, overpowering impression. Whether it is "sympathetic" is a question which will be differently answered by different persons. Sympathetic in the sense of ingratiatingly touching and gently winning, it is not. It is rarely that extraordinarily strong organs possess that airy, melting quality which we might call the poetry of the voice. All gifts cannot be united in one person. At any rate, Mierzewski is at present one of the most remarkable and dazzling individualities in the world of song. Anyone on first hearing him is probably more surprised than capable of forming an opinion; it is only a further acquaintance with him in different parts which will enlighten us as to how much of the certainly extraordinary effect produced by his singing belongs to the phenomenon and how much to the artist. Mierzewski's Arnold threw the other singers very far into the background. Sig. Aldighieri, who looks imposingly as Tell, is an earnest artist and well-trained singer. His voice, baritone, still possesses considerable strength but little melting softness; time robs such voices much later of their volume than of their peculiar character. Aldighieri sang the first two acts very effectively: but in the third act he forced his voice, and indulged incessantly in a *tremolo*. This seemed to be catching, and affect Gessler opposite him; Herr Wiegand characterized the governor's depravity by a tremulous roaring with which only few Italians would be able to cope. Signor Gasparini (Walther Fürst), with his raven-black bass voice, valiantly supported his partners in the trio. Signora Malvazzi, a piquant brunette, with a somewhat sharp but well-trained soprano, sang the part of Mathilde very respectably, though without making any deep impression. The other characters were represented by members of the company at the Imperial Operahouse, who got on with the Italians very well. Herr Schittenhelm, as Fisherman, had, in the first act, a good catch in the shape of a lively high C. In the small but important part of Conrad Baumgarten (Leutold), Herr Felix was heard to advantage; his voice appears to grow with his histrionic talent. The other characters were sung by Mdle Hauser, Mdme Kaulich, Heeren Schmidt and Howitz, with their usual carefulness.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

The Operatic Canterbury Pilgrims; or, Mediæval Excursionists, personally conducted by Mr Carl Rosa.

MY DEAR MR GYE.—You've been too busy, of course, to attend to anything except the business at your Italian Warehouse, and therefore unable to be present at Drury Lane, where, you will be rejoiced to hear, the greatest success has been achieved by an English opera written by an English author and English composer, and sung by real English singers. The success, too, was chiefly due to the "book"; and this will seem strange to you, with only your experience of *libretti*, done into English by anybody (generally speaking), for which the public do not care a rap except as a guide to the story, otherwise obscure, and which is of no value to anybody except the translator, the printer, the publisher, the officials in the house (who never have change for a florin when the price of the book is eightpence), and perhaps the manager, who may have retained some interest in it. But of late years, at other houses which you have had no opportunity of visiting, all this has been changed. In eccentric *bouffes* we have the author named with the composer—nay, before him, as is his place in point of time, though not of tune.

Where would the Operatic Composer be without the Author, whose *libretto* inspires him? What is the complaint one constantly hears from Composers who are credited by their friends with capabilities for Opera, but who have never yet got beyond ballads? They say, "Ah! I should like to do an Opera, if I could only get a good 'book'!" Bless them, there are lots of good books about—goody-goody books, and a magazine called *Good Words* (I believe) into the bargain, but not the book to inspire the Operatic composer. I emphasise "Operatic," because obviously the Composers of Symphonies, of instrumental quartets, fantasias, songs without words, &c., &c., &c., are independent of a librettist, but not so the Operatic Composer. His *raison d'être* is the Dramatic Author, as the *raison d'être* of Singers and Musicians is the Composer. Where would Singers be without "little songs for them to sing"? where the Musicians without "little tunes for them to play"? and where the Manager? And, as you yourself would put it with admirable candour, where would you be but for all these talented people, whose services are at your disposition for a consideration? And so the world is on the elephant, and the elephant on the tortoise, and the tortoise—what is he on? Well, he has to rely on himself and stand upon his own dignity.

It was a happy thought, this selection by Mr Gilbert à Beckett of the idea of utilising the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. I should imagine that he hit on the title first, and then was utterly knocked over by the inspiration. The association between à Beckett and Canterbury is of course obvious and natural. Then the next thing was to chaw up Chaucer, and trust to his own ingenuity for a plot. Here he has succeeded thoroughly, for the plot is nearly as good as that of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to whose paunchy, weak, cunning, fatuous, vain, humorous, and wicked old hero, Sir Christopher Sygne (Mr Ludwig) bears a close resemblance in all but the fat knight's unwieldy size and in his bachelorhood. For Sir Christopher, in order to "keep up the Christopher," is married to a young wife,—she is young as represented by Miss Marion Burton,—whose name is Dame Margery, of whom Sir Christopher, on reconsideration, might have sung, had Mr Stanford given him such a chance as Mr Hatton would have done, "What! marry young Margery, No! No! No!"—but there's nothing so rollicking, so jovial, so "tuney-tuney" as the ballad of "Old Simon the Cellarer" throughout the opera.

And this reminds me that you are going to bring out Messrs à Beckett and Stanford's *Savonarola*, an English opera (recently so triumphantly successful at Hamburg) by an English author and an English composer; and on its first appearance in its own native land it is to be disguised in German!

I forget who your stage-manager is at Covent Garden, where the action of the chorus is directed by classic rules. But he will, I am sure, be delighted to hear that Mr Augustus Harris has put such life and motion into this English chorus and these English singers (but specially the chorus, as the principals, excepting Mr Ludwig, probably know quite enough without being taught, and wisely keep it to themselves), that, from first to last, the *Canterbury Pilgrims* was performed as if it was a real acting drama—one of Messrs Pettitt and Harris's, for example,—instead of "only an opera." The scenery, too, was all that you could desire, and that is saying a great deal, isn't it?

It seems to me—(but if you, my dear Mr Gye, are gye-rating between the new German and the old Italian style, you will not have made up your mind in time to agree with me)—that Mr Stanford, thorough musician as he is, has been bitten by a Wagnerish-Meister-singerish notion of what a comic opera *ought* to be, and has said to

himself, without mentioning it to his librettist, who, of course, couldn't have prevented him, but who could have suggested dramatic points, "I will not write what is popularly known as a 'tune,' and if I ever catch myself dropping into tune as Wegg did into poetry, I shall smother it up with instrumentation, and endeavour to let it be forgotten as quickly as possible. No; if ever I drop into tune, I deserve to be 'dropped into' by the critics afterwards." Now, as Mr Stanford has consistently stuck to this principle, he cannot be robbed by any other unprincipled composer, for there is literally "nothing to take away with you."

Here and there quaint tuneful bits spring up suddenly, but being immediately suppressed as too lively, they are like John Leech's long-haired Skye terrier which seemed to have neither head nor tail, and never take the form and shape of what are technically called "numbers." Yet a composer would do well to recollect that there is "luck in odd numbers," and let us have a few good ones. What he may be in serious opera we shall know on hearing *Savonarola*; but in dealing with the greater part of the dialogue, and most of the situations of this comedy-opera, he is so hopelessly undramatic as to suggest the idea that he has failed to appreciate the real humour of the subject, and has gone in heavily—very heavily—for exalting his musical science at the expense of dramatic art.

For a real success in opera, no matter whether serious, comic, eccentric, or *bouffe*, author and composer ought to work together as one man; and their umpire in all cases of dispute should be the stage-manager, who in this case is the Emperor Augustus Drurion-lanus.

I am certain, my dear Mr Gye, that this opera will improve on repetition, and by the time you produce it at Covent Garden translated into choice Italian with an English re-translation [done by the gasman, or the man who takes the coats and hats and lends out opera-glasses], its music will be well known, and extracts from it will have become highly popular. The extracts can be made, though at first hearing this would seem a difficult task. But Mr A Beckett has written songs and Mr Stanford has written excellent music to them, only he won't stop to hear you say, "There! I like that," but hurries on to the next lar as if he wanted to catch a train of thought that had got ahead of him.

I think you, my dear Mr Gye, would highly appreciate the acting of the Drury Lane company, as, with the exception of Mr Ludwig and two of the chorus, it is mostly of the Italian operatic school. Indeed, Mr Barrington Foote makes Hal o' the Chepe a thorough Italian rendering of the Spanish barber, Figaro. But that he speaks English so plainly you would not be surprised to hear him suddenly defy Mr Stanford, and burst into "*Ah bravo, Figaro, bravo, bravissimo!*" The *Pilgrims'* comedy-dialogue never drops into farce or burlesque; there are no *jeux de mots* in it; and so both author and composer may be congratulated on being consistent *contrapuntists*.

Mr B. Davies, as Hubert Lovel, the apprentice in love with Cicely (Miss Perry—"with whom," says Mr Wagstaff, "he pairs off"—oh! yes, pre-Cicely so!) might belong to any operatic company, and is of no distinct nationality.

For my part, or rather for *his* part, I liked Mr Ludwig, as he made the most of any chance which the composer had left untouched, or had (for a wonder) brought out into prominence. The author must have studied very hard to have so completely imbued his work with the medieval phraseology. For instance, when Hal o' the Chepe (a sort of "Arry on the cheap" of those times) has put a chalk-mark on a door, instead of telling the knight, "That door I chalked," which would be our modern prosaic fashion, he says, "The door chalked I"—which is, you must own, my dear Mr Gye, infinitely superior, and so poetic, too! How far preferable is "A cab took I" to "I took a cab"! That's my style in future. "Scurvy knaves" is good too. I don't quite know to what sort of persons to apply it, and should be sorry to be incorrect in a first attempt. But I'll risk it with a street-boy who insists on opening my cab-door for me. But I will not try it on a cabman who won't take his proper fare and is inclined to be abusive and physically demonstrative. Marry! that will I not!

Then, too, the dramatist has thoroughly mastered the manners and customs of those times; as, for instance, when the old innkeeper enters at night, and seeing young Hubert in a sort of domino, with the hood up, playing a diminutive banjo (then known as "a lute"), and, in fact, evidently serenading his daughter Cicely, he accepts the mildest possible explanation, and says to himself, "Tis a pious monk." Now, if being out late at night and playing on a lute were in these times the sign of a "pious monk," why, the subsequent Reformation might have well taken place a little earlier than it actually did. Let me know when you are bringing out the English opera by Messrs A Beckett and Stanford in German at the Italian Opera-house, and I'll be there. I know you will do your best to get

Carl Rosa to stay and continue the series, but he can't. He'll stop longer next time. Meanwhile, when Carl Rosa's away, *Savonarola* will play. Success to you and yours, Mr Gye, is the sentiment of your sincere well-wisher, NIBBS.

CONCERTS.

HERR VON BULOW'S RECITALS.—Dr Hans von Bülow comes to us this time as a specially interesting character. He is interesting always, because, while the world, or, at any rate, the men and women who compose it, are becoming more and more uniform and monotonous, this eminent person continues to assert the native freedom of humanity. Dr von Bülow is capable of original speech and deed, and the very sight of him, therefore, brings relief to eyes weary of conventional people. But the distinguished pianist goes about just now with a halo of victory like a saintly nimbus around his head. He has encountered and beaten Herr von Huelsen, the powerful intendant of the Berlin Royal Opera. Herr von Huelsen, is a terrible person, as any man must be who represents the bureaucracy of Prussia. Fafner, the Worm of Wagner's *Nibelungen*, was as nothing to him, but the Intendant could not stand against Siegfried Bülow armed with the Nothing of sharpened satire. True, the great official, when the greater pianist talked derisively of the Royal Opera as the "Circus Huelsen," spoke pityingly of the "latest expectation" of an "eccentric person," and threatened reprisals. This only drew from Dr von Bülow an apology to the circus proprietors for having maligned their establishments by an unworthy comparison. Out of the fight came the artist with all the honours of war, but we regret to say that he has since suffered amputation—not of a leg nor, *absit omen*, of a hand, but of the title of Court Pianist, which he can well spare. Dr von Bülow with one distinction the less is Dr von Bülow still; and, besides, it is an honour to be maimed in victorious conflict. All these, however, does not exhaust the special interest that surrounds our distinguished visitor and guest. When Dr von Bülow last made an artistic tour in highly honoured Britain, he did so not only as a pianist, but as a contributor to the columns of a German paper. It would, perhaps, be hard to say whether he distinguished himself more in print or on the keyboard; but it is easy to see that gratitude for public applause must have operated towards leniency in his criticism of our country, climate, manners, and customs. To his credit, be it said, Dr von Bülow resisted temptation in the interest of what he conceived to be truth. Like an honest man, he separated the artist from the censor, and while in the one capacity he took our money and received our honours, in the other he held us up to the wonder of his countrymen and to such sense of humour as they are capable of bringing into play. After doing this an ordinary man would have kept out of England, but Dr von Bülow is good enough to credit us with the reverence of truth which inspires himself. Though we are a strange people, he believes us incapable of stoning a prophet. Hence he comes serenely amongst us once more, and we, in very truth, are glad to see him. Men like him help to brighten life. The doctor gave the first of two pianoforte recitals in St James's Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, April 29, before a numerous audience. Was the programme a joke? It began with Brahms' Third Sonata (Op 5), and when this had been heard through the disturbance of late arrivals it presented a number of dance compositions, with here and there an interlude more serious in character, as, for example, Raff's prelude and Fugue (Op. 72) and Rubinstein's Prelude and Fugue (Op. 53, No. 3). For the rest, and chiefly, the reciter gave dance pieces—a Bourrée by Beethoven, a Waltz and Polka by Raff, a Galop by Rubinstein, and so on. So curious a choice possibly had significance, and if it implied that our public are light of taste, the audience did not resent the imputation, but applauded everything, only giving a gentle hint by encoring Raff's fugue. About the manner in which Dr von Bülow played from memory his numerous selections we need not be precise, though the merit of his performances is by no means uniform. At the worst, the distinguished artist is entitled to his own way. No one doubts his profound acquaintance with his theme, the power of his intellectual grasp, or his mastery of the keyboard. Nor does anybody suspect him of playing other than honestly in the mood of the moment. When, therefore, as sometimes on Tuesday, he prefers noise to delicacy, reasonable people determine to attend again and again till they find him in the humour to put his great powers in the best light—D. T.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—Accustomed as we are to associate the name of Richter with that of Wagner, it is perhaps a pity that the Viennese conductor does not devote a larger portion of his programmes to what some (odd) people style "the Music of the Future." Last night, for instance, Wagner was represented only by the overture to *Die Meistersinger*, a production which we should call cacophonous, laboured, and bombastic, if we did not remember

that it came from the pen, if not from the heart and soul, of him who imagined *Tristan and Isolde*, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and (according to some odder people) most sublime and sacred of all the inspirations of Art, viz., *Parsifal*. The remainder of the programme hardly made up for the lack of more Wagner. M. Jules de Swert is a virtuoso of no ordinary talent; he draws from his instrument, the violoncello, a tone of considerable sonority; and his concerto in one movement reveals here and there a picturesque orchestration and sentimental expression for which we were not prepared. A noticeable fact is that this concerto is one tissue of octave passages, executed by M. de Swert with an agility and accuracy of intonation seldom at fault. At the end of the performance he was recalled amidst applause that sufficiently testified to the success he had legitimately won. Criticism is too often more or less of a farce. After hearing an important new piece once, a critic is expected, and sets confidently about pronouncing, a definite judgment. From such a course one humble individual at least begs to disagree, and so reserves his opinion on Brahms' *Gesang der Parzen* till some future occasion. Brahms is too big to be lightly spoken of. As to the performance of his work we are bound to state that, so far as the chorus went, it was not up to the mark, the *soprani* too often singing flat. The most interesting number in the programme was (according to still odder people) Mackenzie's "ballad," *La belle dame sans merci*. Who, by the way, has been kind and considerate enough to edit Keats' poetry for the Richter programme? When the ballad was performed at the Crystal Palace we protested against "O what can HAIL thee, knight at arms," &c. Here, also, we must protest with conviction against the substitution of "feebly" for "palely." "Feebly" may sound more like sense to some people, but it is not what Keats wrote. We would also ask who corrected the proof-sheets of page 101, where the poem appears? It teems with errors. Mackenzie's music gains upon better acquaintance. It is more than a clever production with vague form and intense colour; it has grit. In listening to it you recognize with pleasure the tones of its voice; in considering its form you recognize each feature with pleasure. So did at least the audience, who recalled the composer to the platform twice. The performance was fine, and as much may be said of that of Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony, which constituted the second part. At the next concert, the fourth of the present series, we are to have another novelty by Brahms, viz., his symphony in F major, No. 3.—URRE.

MILDE ALICE ROSELLI's evening concert was given under distinguished patronage in Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday evening, the 6th May. Owing to her recent painful bereavement, Miss de Fonblanque kindly supplied Milde Roselli's place in the programme. The other artists were Misses Beata Francis, Helen Meason, Mary McClean, Helen D'Alton, Mr W. H. Cummings, Signor Villa, and Mr Santley; Miss O'Reilly—who appeared for Mr Sydney Smith, absent through indisposition (pianoforte); Mr John Thomas (harp); Miss Marie Schumann (violin); and Mr Churchill Sibley (organ); conductor, Mr Lindsay Sloper. Space forbids a lengthened notice, the more especially as the programme was constructed on the principle of quantity as well as quality, there being twenty-four separate items therein. The recalls were numerous, but the encores fell to those who had long since won their spurs on many a well-contested field. For instance, Mr Santley, in two *Lieder* by Schumann, "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Ich grolle nicht," had to repeat the latter, while Mr W. H. Cummings, for his charming singing of "Just as of old" (a song, by the way, of his own composition), had to reappear, when he gave "Once I loved a maiden fair." A like favour was also demanded of Mr John Thomas, for his exquisite rendering of the harp solos, "Echoes of a Waterfall" and "Reverie," both from his own scholarly pen. In response he gave, to the delight of the audience, "The march of the Men of Harlech." Apology was made for Signor Villa, who was suffering from cold, but this did not hinder a call for repetition of the Italian melody "Musica proibita." It is but fair to say that the lady vocalists received unstinted applause. It will be sufficient to indicate where this was most marked. A loud recall greeted Miss Beata Francis (who was accompanied by Mr John Thomas on the harp) for her singing of "The Ash Grove," another to Miss de Fonblanque for a new song by Molloy (words by William Boosey), entitled "Bébé!" and "The Maiden and the Weathercock" (W. Austin), Miss Helen Meason also receiving the approbation of the audience for "The old, old story" (Blumenthal). A word of praise is due to Miss Schumann for her violin solos, and also to Mr C. Sibley for his performances on the organ.—WESTAR.

On Thursday evening, May the 1st, Mr George Gear's annual concert took place at St George's Hall. Mr Gear is not only an excellent pianist but a composer of considerable merit. He played with perfect success Rubinstein's Romance in E flat, and Beethoven's brilliant Polonaise in C, Op. 89. Mr Gear's tasteful setting of

Rosetti's poem, "A little while, a little love," was expressively rendered by Miss Damian; and his fine *scena*, "Medea in Corinth" (already favourably known to concert-goers), was well sung by Miss Edith Ruthven. We should like to hear this *scena* given with orchestral accompaniment, as originally intended by the composer. Miss Ruthven subsequently gave Mr Gear's "Under the trees," and Miss Clara Samuelli the same composer's popular song, "The rose is dead," Miss Samuelli afterwards joining Miss Damian in Blumenthal's "Venetian Boat-Song" (encored). Mr North Home was recalled after "The distant shore" (Sullivan), and had to repeat Marzials' "Leaving, yet loving." The Misses Nellie and Kate Chaplin were heard to advantage in a pianoforte and violin duet on *Don Giovanni*, by Wolf and Vieuxtemps, and Miss Kate Chaplin in solos for violin alone by Raff and Dancla. Mr Oberthür delighted the audience with two harp solos ("Adieu" and "Au rive de la mer") of his own composition; Mr Herbert Thorndike was recalled after Blumenthal's song, "Across the far blue hills, Marie," and Mr George Gear after his clever fantasia on *Faust*, as well as after his Rondo Brillante, "La Gioja."

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.—At the Guildhall last Saturday afternoon, May 3, a grand orchestral and choral concert was given under the direction of the music committee of the Corporation of the City of London, the performers being the students of the Guildhall School of Music and the members of the Guildhall orchestra and choir. Strong interest was manifested by a large audience and results were more than encouraging. Under the *Edon* of the Principal, Mr West Hill, Beethoven's Sixth Symphony had legitimate rendering, while the choral *pièce de résistance*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, in which the leading soprano, Miss Umpleby, showed excellent teaching and good promise, was carried through with much credit. Mr Chilley, besides singing in the cantata, gave the recitative and air from *Oberon*, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," with marked success, and was recalled. The feature of the concert was a new work specially composed by a student, and performed for the first time on this occasion. Frances Allitsen's "Slavonic Overture" at once realized her own talent, the excellent counsel of her master, Mr Gadsby, and the usefulness of these public opportunities for young writers. Untrammelled by the false fashions of the day and reverencing established forms, Miss Allitsen has allowed full play to her creative powers. Her work sparkles throughout with melody, grace, and colouring, while the treatment does equal honour to herself and to the Guildhall School. Warmly called, Miss Frances Allitsen's reception was a triumph and a reward.—H. C. B.

THE Misses Victoria and Felicia de Bunsen gave one of their pleasant "At Homes" on Wednesday, April 30. There were about 200 guests, and although the reception was in the afternoon, their handsome apartments were lighted up and decorated as for an evening assembly. All the music—for it "goes without saying" music was in the ascendant—was much appreciated, judging from the hearty applause awarded to the executants. The fair hostesses contributed much to the enjoyment of their guests, Milde Felicia playing a Mazurka by Chopin, as well as a brilliant "Polka de concert," and Milde Victoria singing, in her own fascinating style, the favourite aria from Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeria*, as well as a duet for voice and violoncello, with Herr Leu, the composition of Signor Robaudi. Some Norwegian songs and choruses rendered by Milde de Bunsen's Vocal Society were greatly admired. Songs were contributed by Milde Schow, Mr Bokenham, Signors Ria and Zoboli. Herr Leu also played solos on the violoncello in his well-known musicianly style.

THE Tufnell Park Choral Society—which is rapidly taking a foremost place among the many bodies of vocalists in the metropolis—brought its twelfth season to a close on Tuesday evening, April 29th, with an invitation concert at the Church Room, Carleton Road, N., when the following works were performed:—"Let thy hand be strengthened" (Handel), "By the waters of Babylon" (Goetz), Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," and *Acis and Galatea* (Handel). The choir-singing, under the experienced *bâton* of Mr W. Henry Thomas, was extremely good, both as regards light and shade and precision of attack, the fresh, youthful quality of the soprano voices being especially noticeable. Miss Daisy Bayley, a young soprano of great promise, sustained the difficult solos in Goetz's Psalm with much expression, and was also very successful in "Hear my prayer" and "O for the wings." The soloists in *Acis and Galatea* were Miss M. Hetherington, Messrs Bartrum, Edward Hall, and Lewis Thomas, all of whom were satisfactory, particularly Mr Lewis Thomas, whose very fine delivery of "O ruddier than the cherry" was re-demanded. The accompaniments were well rendered by a grand pianoforte (Mr Frank L. Thomas), strings (Messrs J. Kornfeld, Woollett, F. S. Newcombe, and Walter Truslove), and flute (Mr Ed. A. Chapman).—F. M. S. C.

On the evening of Friday, May the 2nd, a most successful concert was given at the Highbury Quadrant Lecture Hall by the students of the Highbury and Islington Organ School and College of Music. Miss Berrie Stephens (the Principal), a young and highly intelligent teacher, has much to congratulate herself upon several of her pupils' singing with a taste and finish that would do credit to any vocal academy in London. We tender our hearty congratulations to Miss Stephens upon the care and attention she must have bestowed in being able to place, on the occasion under notice, such an array of rising talent before a most fastidious and discriminating audience numbering upwards of 1000. It excited general curiosity to see so young a lady as Miss Berrie Stephens wielding the *bâton* with such energy and decision; but in these days of progress the fair sex seem capable of more serious work than they hitherto have had credit for.

A CONCERT was given by Mrs Sutton Sharpe, under distinguished patronage, in aid of M. Barbier's "French Mission," at Neumeyer Hall, on Saturday evening, May 3rd, which resulted in a handsome sum being realized for the object in view. Mrs Sutton Sharpe brought her talents, both as pianist and vocalist, well forward on the occasion, playing Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, for pianoforte alone; joining Miss E. M. Turner in Thalberg's "Norma," and the same lady, Miss Baglehole, and Mr Harvey Löhr, in a "Romance of Two Minutes," composed for four performers on two pianofortes, by the esteemed master of the four executants, Mr W. H. Holmes. Mrs Sutton Sharpe's vocal contributions were, with Miss Susetta Fenne, Marzials' duet, "Friendship," and, with Mr S. Tyler, Campana's "Io vivo é t'amo." The other singers were Mr H. Kynaston, Miss Marion McKenzie (encored in Cowen's "Better Land"), Miss Baglehole, Miss Susetta Fenne (encored in Mrs Sutton Sharpe's pretty French song, "Pardonnez moi"), and Mr Spencer Tyler, who gave Marzials' "Ask nothing more" with genuine effect. Miss Mary Chatterton contributed two solos on the harp, "The Nymph's Revel" and a "Fantasia" (encored), both composed by Mr F. Chatterton; and Mr W. A. Stanley recited selections from Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, together with Racine's "Mort d'Hippolyte." The national anthem ended the programme.

PROVINCIAL.

CARDIFF.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given by the Cardiff Choral Society on Wednesday evening, April 30, in the Drill Hall, which was crowded by an appreciative audience. The singers were Miss José Sherrington, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Miss José Sherrington—says the *South Wales Daily News*—sang with fine intelligence and clear strong tone the recit, "What have I to do with thee." The air and duet, "Help me, man of God," in which Signor Foli joined, was raised to the very summit of vocal realism, and visibly impressed the audience. The quartet, "Cast thy burden," was beautifully given, so much so, that an encore was demanded. Miss José Sherrington afterwards gave to the air "Hear ye, Israel," a sterling energy that well rang out the great behest which the music was designed to mark. It was not merely powerful, but in some respects merits the word "grand." The conductor, Mr D. C. Davies, had the chorus well under command from the commencement, which bespeaks not only excellent discipline but diligent previous training.

ROCHESTER.—The final concert of the "Rochester, Strood, and Chatham Choral Society's" eleventh season (their 36th subscription concert) took place at the New Corn Exchange on Monday evening, April 28, with the assistance of Mrs Hutchinson, Miss Cravino, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Blower, and the principal members of the Crystal Palace Saturday concert band, led by Mr Rosenthal. The task undertaken by the society was not easy, the pieces selected for performance being Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, but to the great credit of the members, aided by the excellent solo vocalists engaged for the occasion, both compositions were rendered with genuine effect, the orchestral parts being remarkably well executed under the leadership of the accomplished violinist, Mr Rosenthal, and the precision and energy of the conductor, The Rev. W. H. Nutter, M.A. At the conclusion of the *Messe Solennelle*, the "March of King David's army," from Mr Longhurst's oratorio, *David and Absalom*, was exceedingly well rendered.

LEEDS.—ORGAN RECITAL.—On Saturday evening, May 3, Dr Spark gave a recital in the Town Hall from the works of Corelli and Handel. The first part included a Sonata in A; Pastorale in G; and Maestoso and Allegro in D, from the 7th Concerto, by Corelli. In the second part the air, "Return, O God of Hosts" (from *Samson*); the first movement of the Organ Concerto in F; and the Coronation Anthem, *Zadok the Priest*, were the most important pieces. Dr Spark's mastery of his instrument was well displayed,

and the audience, numbering (in spite of the unfavourable weather) some five or six hundred, listened with great and intelligent interest to his musicianly rendering of a varied and interesting programme.

STRATFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The Town Hall was densely crowded on Saturday night, May 3, the concluding day of the meetings. The judges were Messrs W. H. Cummings, W. G. M'Naught, and Ridley Prentice. The principal choral prize was won by the Leytonstone Society. Nearly 600 competitors took part in these meetings, which are organized by Mr J. S. Curwen. Contests were held in pianoforte playing, solo singing, violin playing, composition, quartet singing, boys' solo singing, as well as choral contests between elementary schools and church choirs. The meetings closed with the distribution of prizes and certificates by Mrs J. F. H. Read.—Adela Duckham, a little girl of 9½ years, took the first prize for pianoforte sight-playing, and a certificate of merit for pianoforte solo playing, both of the classes being for persons under 15 years old; and a certificate of merit for violin solo playing in a class where there was no limit as to age. Miss Duckham is a Corporation Exhibitioner at the Guildhall School of Music, over which Mr Weist Hill presides with such tact and energy.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

SEASON 1823.—3RD OF MARCH.

The Second Concert of the Season.

ACT I.

Sinfonie, in C Haydn
Terzetto, "Mi lasci o madra amata," from *Il Ratto di Proserpina*—Mme Ronzi, Miss Goodall and M. Begrez Winter
Concerto, in E flat—pianoforte—Mr Potter Mozart
Aria, "Sento manncarmi l'anima" Mozart
Overture to Tamerlane Beethoven

ACT II.

Sinfonie, in C minor (?) Beethoven or Winter*
Terzetto
Duet—violin and contrabasso—Messrs Lindley and Dragonetti Sonata of Corelli
Quartetto, "Cielo il mia labbra inspira," from *Bianca e Faliero*—Mme Ronzi, Miss Goodall, Messrs Begrez and Kellner Rossini
Overture to Fidelio Beethoven

Leader, Mr MORI. Conductor, Mr BISHOP.

HERR LENZ.—The death of Herr Lenz, author of *Beethoven and his Three Styles*; *Beethoven, an Art-study*; and other works, frequently alluded to in the earlier period of the Monday Popular Concerts, is reported at St Petersburg. Herr Lenz died at an advanced age.

THOSE of our readers who take an interest in the encouragement of musical talent trained in this country may be glad to know that the young violinist, Miss Adelina Dinelli, has lately received a recognition of her distinguished ability by the gift of a Stradivarius violin.

WRITING, on the 9th January, to a young Vienna author, to decline an opera-libretto the latter had forwarded him, Wagner gave the following reasons for so doing:—"Why? Because I have, indeed, read your libretto; I have, indeed, tested it; and I have, indeed, found it good—but not so good that, for it, I should suddenly prove false to a principle to which I have remained true for nearly a whole generation, the principle, namely, of writing my music-dramas myself. At any rate, I save by this—for you must know I am a great miser! If you come to Venice you will be able to convince yourself that your somewhat voluminous manuscript is in good company—it has, in my library of librettos sent to me, the number of 2,985. A respectable figure, is it not, my young friend?"

Mr John Farmer's *Cinderella* was "recited" on Friday evening, May 2nd, at St James's Hall. Since its first performance at Harrow, Mr Farmer has composed two songs for the last act—one for *Cinderella* and the other for the Prince, both of which had to be repeated on Friday. Miss Mary Davies was *Cinderella*; Miss Ehrenberg and Miss Mackenzie, the Sisters; Miss Clara Samuell, the Fairy; Mr Lloyd, the Prince; Mr Pyatt, Malatesta; Mr Musgrave Tufnail, the Baron; Mr Philip Beck was reader, and Mr Farmer conducted.

* Beethoven, surely.—E.L.

CRYSTAL PALACE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
MACFARREN'S "TE DEUM."

* * * * The Lord Mayor, again escorted by the Palace officials, and followed by the crowd of guests, appeared on a dais, erected in front of the great stage facing the orchestra. His lordship was received without much demonstration, and no formal or popular greetings hindered approach to the pleasant business first on hand, namely, the performance of a selection of music by eminent soloists, an orchestra of 250 instruments, and a chorus of 2,000 voices (the London contingent of the Handel Festival choir), the whole supplemented by the bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, with Mr Manns as conductor. The resolve to mark the occasion by some distinctive doings on the great Handel orchestra was well carried out in other ways than by assembling a vast mass of executants. In the first part of the programme, for example, were several special and important features, beginning with Beethoven's festival overture, *The Consecration of the House*—a work written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna, and ever since frequently associated with inaugural displays. The catalogue of ceremonial music contains many more pompous and effective pieces than this, but the composer's name is a power, and anything from his pen is welcome in or out of season. The overture was well played by the large orchestra, under Mr Manns' skilful guidance. Two pieces of a serious character followed, and, it may be, drew a note of interrogation from hundreds present. Why perform the solemn choral, "To God on high," from Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, and Gounod's *Marche Solennelle* in E flat? No answer was officially given, but the choice of these works may have had reference to the death of the Duke of Albany, who had provisionally promised to attend and discharge the functions actually assumed by the Lord Mayor. If this were so, the note of sadness was also one of propriety. At the close of the march, which was impressively played, two trumpeters in a kind of undress uniform—possibly that of the Crystal Palace brass band—ascended the dais and blew a fanfare, at sound of which the vast audience faced about to see the directors, headed by Mr McGeorge, approaching the Lord Mayor for the purpose of presenting an address, which was read aloud by the chairman. Cheers followed, but the Lord Mayor made no reply, resuming his seat and allowing the concert to go on. Herein much discretion was shown. Inaudible speech-making before a large crowd is dangerous, especially when, as yesterday, it comes between the public and something they desire. The "something" in the actual case was a new "Te Deum," composed for the occasion by Sir George Macfarren, and called after the champion saint of England, to whom the 23rd of April is consecrated. Sir George Macfarren had a right to occupy the position of composer for the occasion. He is our foremost English musician, and assuredly none can say that the work he produced proved unworthy of his rank or of the ceremonial in which it had so distinguished a place. Certain features in this new setting of the Ambrosian hymn bore a special character separable from the rest when the composition comes to be used under ordinary circumstances. The "Te Deum" was preluded, for example, by an orchestral piece, entitled "The Gathering of the Nations," which were represented—some of them, at any rate—by their national anthems. The Austrian Hymn, the Russian, the Danish ("King Christian"), the French ("Marseillaise"), and our English "Rule Britannia" were all introduced in this suggestive movement, which, otherwise, it must be said, had no particular value. The hymn itself was presented in nine numbers—five choruses, three songs, and a trio with chorus. Of these the choruses took first rank by reason of their impressive and masterly character. None of them are extended, but in each there is a good deal of sound musicianship and successful attainment of effect. Sir George makes liberal use of counterpoint, as becomes so learned a master, and as befits a sacred composition of the kind, but he takes care to relieve it by homophonic passages, some of which are bold in character, not to say modern in expression. We cite particularly the music to "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge." The words quoted are sung but once in unison, and, save for the last note, in monotone; but they are led up to and so delivered as to make a profound effect. Other passages might be adduced in proof of great and striking power, but we pass all by to reach the final chorus, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted"—a regular fugue, through the mazes of which, from time to time, the brass bands thrust with triumphant force a phrase of "God save the Queen." This is, of course, an old device—at least as old as Sebastian Bach—and Sir George Macfarren is not less fond of it than Mendelssohn was. Amateurs will recall its employment in the final chorus of the first part of *St John the Baptist*, where the trombones play the tune known as "Hanover," against a fugue constructed upon the same theme. In the "Te Deum," however, a greater effect is attained than in the oratorio, and the chorus brings

the work to an almost exciting end. The solos are less noticeable as a whole; but that for soprano, "Vouchsafe, O Lord," is of singular beauty. There is charm also in the trio, "O Lord save thy people." The work received a good performance, Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, and Mr Santley doing full justice to the solos, and Mr Manns' army of players and singers answering for the rest. At the close the two trumpeters once more ascended the dais and made ready, but the 2,500 on the orchestra intervened. They wanted to applaud Sir G. Macfarren, and successfully stopped the proceedings till the composer had come forward to receive enthusiastic cheers. Then, after another fanfare, the Lord Mayor, in brief but telling words, declared the Exhibition open, at which good news there was more trumpet blowing mingled with applause.

The second half of the musical programme included a number of popular vocal and instrumental pieces, about which we need not be precise. Auber's *Exhibition Overture* was played, as a matter of course; the three artists already named had each a song, and the choir sang some of the most familiar pieces in its repertory. These doings appeared to give the greatest satisfaction, detaining the immense audience to the end.—D. T.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first week of an opera season rarely offers anything of special interest, and recent doings at Mr Gye's theatre present no exception to the rule. There certainly was no new subject on Thursday, May 1, when *Faust* was played; though Gounod's work is a considerable number of years younger than *Les Huguenots*, which occupied the stage on Saturday. It is a curious commentary upon the oft-asserted change in English musical taste that our most experienced operatic managers chiefly put their trust in old and familiar works. According to certain authorities, the public are stretching forth eager hands towards modern heresiarchs, ready to catch the pearls that drop, and treasure them as pearls of price. Of this, we venture to say, there are no signs whatever. English amateurs, being English men and women, are, by instinct, much too conservative to take up with any notion because it is new and strange, or because it is announced with flourishing of partisan trumpets. Like the Bereans, whom St Paul commended, they decline to take even an apostolic statement upon trust, but refer it to the test of reflection and observation. At this attitude we assuredly do not rail. It is our own. The performance of *Faust* had one interesting feature—namely, the embodiment of Marguerite by Mdme Durand, for the first time on an English stage. This lady is so highly qualified both by nature and art that thought of failure can scarcely enter into anticipation of her work. Reasoning from her vocal and dramatic success as the heroine of *La Gioconda*, it was quite certain that she would come safely out of the ordeal imposed by the more familiar character. This she did accordingly. Alike in the garden act, in the Church scene, and in that of the Prison, Mdme Durand impressed the house by the strength of her acting, and by the genuine expression that gave life and meaning to her singing. She had to repeat the Jewel Song, and gained loud applause for all the more conspicuous of her subsequent efforts. The remainder of the cast was familiar, Mdme Tremelli playing Siebel; Signor Marconi, Faust; M. Devoyod, Valentine; and Signor De Reszke, Mephistopheles. M. Dupont, who conducted, had reason to be proud of an excellent ensemble.

The performance of *Les Huguenots* brought Madame Pauline Lucca back to her numerous English admirers. This gifted and popular lady sometimes exercises the privilege of genius, and declines to be bound by ordinary rules. An element of uncertainty gives a piquant flavour to any anticipation that may be indulged with regard to her. Madame Lucca reverses the cometic rule. The wanderers of the sky turn up unexpectedly, but their departure can be foretold to a day, whereas, though we may feel tolerably confident about the rising of the Teutonic "star," there is doubt as to when the luminary will set. Once upon a time she suddenly vanished from the firmament of London; then she made the chilly heaven of Berlin more than ever a "frosty void"; and lately we heard of her behaving, in the warmer sky of Vienna, much like those other stars that

"Shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

But Madame Lucca is one of the petted children of song, and all the greater favourite for having "little ways" of her own. She has only to show herself anywhere to be welcomed as on Saturday night—that is to say, with a cordiality almost hearty enough for the name of affection. Madame Lucca's Valentina is so well-known a character that remark upon it would appear superfluous. Nevertheless, we must point out once more that this lady belongs to the very few *prime donne* who can meet the terrible exactions of the fourth act, including the magnificent duet, which claims for Meyerbeer "kinship with the gods." Here her dramatic instinct not only finds scope but

stimulus, and so masters the situation that we never care to inquire whether her singing has satisfied the rules of cold and passionless criticism. On Saturday Madame Lucca gave especial proof of this, and obtained the emphatic applause of her audience. The artist's re-appearance was, in short, a success, and of happy augury regarding her work during the season. A new-comer, Mdle Leria, played the Queen of Navarre, but must be allowed time to compose herself before receiving judgment. It is but fair to assume that the lady was very much frightened. Signor Mierzwinsky, the much-applauded Polish tenor, was Raoul de Nangis; Signor de Reszke was again a picturesque and efficient St Bris; while M. Devoyod and Signor Monti did well in their respective parts. Signor Bevinani conducted.—D. T.

On Monday, *Faust e Margherita* was repeated. On Tuesday, *Il Trovatore* was given, with Mdme Lucca as the unhappy heroine; Signor Mierzwinsky, Manrico; and Mdle Tremelli, Azucena. Thursday was set apart for the first appearance this season of Mdme Sembrich as Lucia di Lammermoor, but the opera was changed to *Gioconda*, the reason assigned being Mdme Sembrich's non-arrival from America. This evening, Saturday, Mdme Albani will appear as Violetta in *La Traviata*; and for Monday, Gounod's *Faust e Margherita* is announced, with Mdme Lucca as Margherita.

FACTS IN FRAGMENTS.

A concert was given at St James's Hall, on Friday, May 2nd, by the students of the Royal Academy of Music. As on former occasions, the orchestra was made up of students, assisted by professors, but the choir (which consisted of about 90 ladies and 50 gentlemen) were all either past or present students. In Mozart's *Idomeneo* the choir and orchestra, under the direction of Mr William Shakespeare, had a good opportunity of showing proficiency, the overture being well played and the choruses sung with precision. The solos were taken by Miss Margaret Hoare—who now, by the bye, is not unfrequently heard in the concert-room—Miss Marie Etherington, a promising young soprano; Miss K. W. Payne, Mr Hirwen Jones, and Mr Lucas Williams. The selection, in every way judicious, was listened to with much satisfaction. During the afternoon the instrumental soloists were Mr C. F. Reddie, who, in the *Allegro con Brio* from Beethoven's C minor Pianoforte Concerto, displayed great promise; Miss Esther Ball undertaking the *Allegro affettuoso* from Schumann's A minor Concerto; Miss Evelyn Green, however, carrying off the palm in F. Hiller's very effective *Andante* and *Allegro* from his Concerto in F sharp minor. All three pianists do great credit to the institution. Mr Tufnail sang an air from Hoffmann's *Melusia* with considerable taste; the duet, "Like as a father," from Macfarren's *King David*, was given to Mrs Wilson Osman and Miss Ada Iggulden, and the accomplished composer, who was present, evidently was satisfied with the young ladies' interpretation. Handel's well-known air, "Lascia ch'io pianga," served to introduce Miss Leonora Pople's fine contralto voice. This young lady is a vocalist of promise. Mr Vaughan Edwards and Mr J. Barker declaimed "The Lord is a man of war" in capital style; nor must we forget to mention that Molique's charming *Andante* and *Rondo* (Op. 45) for violoncello was well played by Mr J. E. Hambleton. A Gavotte by Miss Devonport, although not announced in the programme, was also introduced. Recalls are forbidden at these concerts, but the audience insisted upon seeing the young composer in order to express to her personally their approbation. Mr William Shakespeare, the conductor, infused enthusiasm into a performance which merited all the applause bestowed upon it.

The death of Sir Michael Costa recalls many a pleasant memory; and few, excepting those who ranged under his baton, know how carefully he watched and how ably he assisted the artists he led. Frequently it has been remarked that solo singers lost half their nervousness when beside him. Many an artist has had to recall with gratitude his presence of mind and dexterity. One of our best-known oratorio singers, now taken from our midst, mentioned to me, over and over again, that Costa's watchfulness was remarkable. It was only when a singer was himself careless that the great conductor's displeasure showed itself. As with his singers, so with his instrumentalists. To those who in every way tried to do their best, his kindness was uniform and encouragement continuous.

PHOSPHOR.

WAIFS.

Mdme Adelina Patti left New York by the Guion steamer, Oregon, and arrived at Liverpool on Saturday evening.

Mr Bancroft writes to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* as follows:—"I learn from my correspondence of this morning that the antagonistic reception given to me by a few among the audience at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday evening had nothing to do with the performance of *The Rivals*, nor was it a revival of the old pit grievance, but the result of an angry feeling caused by the unpleasant effect of a hailstorm which occurred, unfortunately, just before the doors were opened, the cries raised against me when I went upon the stage being for shelter outside the theatre. In the autumn of 1882, at the wish of Mrs Bancroft, I erected at the entrances to the second circle and the gallery of the Haymarket Theatre two large awnings for use in wet and threatening weather. They were for some time successfully used. On an afternoon in December, 1882, while the awning to the second circle was being put up, one of my servants had the misfortune to let an iron bar fall on the hat of a passer-by. A heavy claim for damages was soon after brought against me. The event was, to avoid adding litigation to other anxieties of theatrical management, that I compromised the matter at a cost of £600. I then did my utmost to get consent for the supports of the awning to remain permanent fixtures, but this was objected to, so I decided to abolish them altogether, not being anxious for a repetition of the catastrophe. If you will publish this letter it will be a kindness to allow me the opportunity of offering some proof that I have not been unmindful of the comfort of every section of the public who visit the theatre which I have the honour to direct."

The sub-committee have selected Herr Hans von Richter to succeed Sir Michael Costa as conductor of the Birmingham Festival. Another foreigner, of course.

Lauro Rossi, director of the College of Music, Naples, is seriously ill.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been performed with much success in Palermo.

Carl Millöcker is writing another buffo opera, to be entitled *Der Feldprediger*.

Gioconda was received with much applause at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Letters from Florence state that Mdle Nadina Bulicoff is engaged to the tenor, Marconi.

Mdle Marianne Brandt has been singing with much success at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Enrico Vianesi, brother of the well-known conductor, has died in Leghorn, aged only 46.

Léo Delibes' *Lakmé* will be performed in the autumn at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Baron von Ledebur has been appointed Intendant of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Schwerin.

The Theatre at Tarascon (South of France) has been burnt down. Luckily, no lives were lost.

Count Wittgenstein's opera, *Antonius und Cleopatra*, is accepted at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Anton Rubinstein has been promoted Commander of the Dannebrog Order by the King of Denmark.

It is rumoured that Mdle de Reszke is about to retire from the stage, and marry a Russian diplomatist.

Franz Liszt, lately in Vienna, has returned to Weimar, where he will remain till the beginning of August.

Ortisi, the tenor, sang no less than 72 times during the season lately terminated at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Anton Ascher, a popular actor and formerly manager of the Carl-Theater, Vienna, died, aged 64, on the 20th ult., at Meran.

It is reported from Prague that F. Smetana, the Czech composer, has suddenly gone mad and has had to be placed in an asylum.

The "holidays" this year at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, commence on the 14th June and terminate on the 13th August.

Johannes Brahms has thankfully declined the offer of the Municipality that he should succeed Dr Ferdinand von Hiller in Cologne.

M. Carvalho, much improved in health, has returned from Saint-Raphael to Paris, and resumed the management of the Opéra-Comique.

Sig. Gallignani, of Faenza, and formerly a pupil of the Conservatory, Milan, has been appointed musical director at the Cathedral in that city.

At the opening of the International Exhibition, Turin, a "Cantata," written for the occasion by Signor Faccio, was greatly applauded.

Madame Annette Essipoff's pianoforte recital took place at St James's Hall yesterday afternoon.

Mr Charles Halle's series of chamber music concerts began yesterday afternoon at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

The candidates for the management of the Teatro Apollo, Rome, are Sig. Searlatti, Sig. Rosani, and the two partners, Signori Scalisi and Ferrari.

Mdme Marie Jaell played at the last concert of the Conservatory, Ghent, Schumann's A minor concerto, besides various pieces by Franz Liszt.

The opera company, headed by the tenor, Bütel, from the Stadt-theater, Hamburg, have been giving performances at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Besides Signor Boniccioli's new opera, *Maria d'Orange*, Boito's *Mefistofele*, and Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, will be performed next winter at Valencia (Spain).

Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, with Mdmes Galli-Marié, Toresella, Treves, MM. Engel and Vidal, has been well received at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona.

After a lapse of several years, Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* will shortly be performed at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, with Herr Kalisch as George Brown.

In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Abrugnedo, Prévost took his place, and, without rehearsal, sang, with great applause, his part in *Aida* at Seville.

Theodor Wachtel appeared on the 6th inst. as Chapelou in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, at the Walhalla-Operetten-Theater, Berlin—the 900th time of his sustaining the part.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred the Stanislaus Order (third class) on Herr W. Fitzenhagen, in recognition of the latter's services as director of the Conservatory of Music, Moscow.

Mdme Celine Chaumont is at present in Madrid, whence she will proceed first to Lisbon, and then to Coimbra, Oporto, and Barcelona. In June she will visit Valencia, Seville, Cadiz, &c.

On the occasion of the opening of the International Exhibition, Turin, *La Favorita* was performed at the Teatro Regio, with a cast including Signora Pasqua, Gayarre, Battistini, and Silvestri.

Wagner's *Walküre* has been performed at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, with a slight change in the original cast. Mdme Lilli Lehmann now appears as Sieglinde, while Mdme Kopka succeeds her as Fricka.

Leopold Auer, the violinist, who succeeded Anton Rubinstein as director of the concerts given by the Imperial Society of Music, St Petersburg, intends resuming the career of a virtuoso, and will undertake next season a long concert-tour.

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Middelburg Musical Association, Zealand, a musical festival is being organized for the middle of the present month. The programme will comprise Haydn's *Creation*, overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm, and Max Bruch's *Schön Ellen*.

The following drastic summary of the career of the well-known impresario, Haverly, appeared in an American paper:—"1870, unappreciated genius; 1872, 'a person named Haverly'; 1874, 'Jack Haverly'; 1876, 'Mr John H. Haverly'; 1878, 'manager Haverly'; 1880, 'Colonel J. H. Haverly'; 1882, 'General J. H. Haverly'; 1884, 'Jack Haverly.'"

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